

"Mother's weakness for rhubarb pudding was well known in our family, indeed, it was a household word and a standing joke. The moment a Mary saw that dish, she thought of another, and no sooner had she recalled her fondness for the pudding than she called up old black Ellen and promptly sent her over to our house with her own pudding. In our own dish, with our own dolly. Of course, the joke was too good to let and it wasn't long before the whole town knew the story of that peripatetic pudding."

The lifeliest, the most delicate of New York's women, surrounded by her court, walked in the alleys of the menagerie in Central Park. She was as white as a leaf of mother-of-pearl, as pink as a Bengal rose, crowned with hair that shivered like melting gold thrown into cold water. She was magnificently dressed and carried her little dog, Bessie, in her hand. That evening she wore a silver collar, bordered with diamonds, on which a patient engraver has succeeded in depicting the triumph of Bacchus, and the young woman laughed, said things without meaning, or simple interjections, and her court applauded every sound that she uttered, as if it were an act. She was so beautiful that even the men, who said that she wished to ride on the elephant, alone, and the trainer placed her on the mastodon's back like a feather on the top of a citadel. Spectators smiled at the antithesis, and the elephant, as ironical as an old New Yorker, pretending to bend under this frivolous weight, mimicked struggles, contortions and desperate efforts.

More beautiful than the ideal creatures evolved by men of genius, she stepped into Broadway's twenty-third street, and, once New York, she seemed like a new, splendidly rich, and suddenly beautiful, pale cloud the sun had thrown its rays into its disk of gold, all things became animated and illuminated under the rays of her super eyes and lips. The pavement, the walls, the passers-by are full of joy; the cab mags acquire the impetuosity of whirlwinds, and the signs of the city are stopped by her smile. The gesture, were stopped for a day. She knows, she sees very well, that the city is happy and in ecstasy at her appearance, and she draws her veil over her face. She is a miser.

Little Ninu, ten years old and sweet as honey of Hyacinth, tried to make her first communion in the chapel of the St. Regis Convent next month, and with eyes as restful as the green slope, that leads to the convent gate she implored her relatives to take communion with her. She has applied to her father, but he is a Free Mason and deterred; to her grandfather, but he is no very devoted man; to her mother, but she is too busy to have pressing engagements elsewhere, and she sighs and says, "How beautiful it would have been to see that big, shrewish family on the same bench with me, and to find it as true as I find that she does not believe in fairies."

District Attorney John R. Fellows wants to return to Congress, and it is likely that he will be nominated by Tammany Hall in the Fourteenth District next Fall. To ably represent the district in Washington a few years ago Congressman Lemuel W. Quigg, who gained fame for defeating Colonel "Burr" Brown in the gubernatorial election of 1892, was elected. Quigg's opponent, will probably be Colonel Fellows, a well known and able man. The contest between these two gentlemen will be worth going miles to see. Colonel Fellows is confident he can restore the district to the Democratic ranks.

Another statesman who longs for the aisles of Washington is the irrepressible Timothy Justinian Campbell, who until he was defeated by Harry Miner held public office continuously for over twenty-five years. Tim will accept nomination from Tammany, and failing in that he will run as an independent candidate, trusting to the people of the "Big" District to send him to the halls of power as the victor of his former triumphs. He confided to a friend a short time ago that he was the logical representative of the district and in the minds of many people on the East Side this practically settles the case.

A trio of Tammany Congressmen who are assured of re-nomination are McClellan, Cummings and Sulzer, and as they represent strong Democratic districts, their success seems certain.

Falling Frosts.
(District Tribune.)

"No," sighed the Evil One, "We can't do anything with actors. The minute we try to make it hot for them they get up a benefit performance, and of course you know that means a frost."

Even the supernatural, it seemed, had occasionally to meet up with limitations.